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COMIC

JANUARY

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Gene Autry

Comics



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LL = LITTLE LULU
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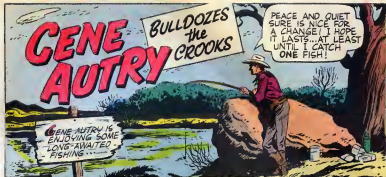
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

NEVER TAKE ANYTHING WITHOUT ASKING! BUT IF YOU'RE HUNGRY, I'D BE MIGHTY GLAD TO SHARE MY FOOD WITH YOU, SON!

THANKS, MISTER!... I WON'T DO IT AGAIN, HONEST!



SHAKE ON IT!... MY NAME'S GENE ALTRU! WHAT'S YOURS?

I'M BOBBY SHORT AND... GEE WHILLIKERS... UNCLE JAKE'S MEN! THEY'VE FOUND ME!

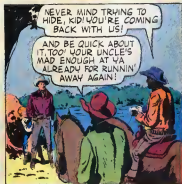


HELP ME, GENE! DON'T LET THEM GET ME!



NEVER MIND TRYING TO HIDE, KID! YOU'RE COMING BACK WITH US!

AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT, TOO! YOUR UNCLE'S MAD ENOUGH AT YA ALREADY FOR RUNNIN' AWAY AGAIN!



I DON'T GET IT! YOU SAID YOU WERE LOST, BOBBY!

YOU STAY OUTA THIS, COWPOKE!

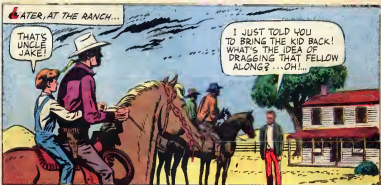


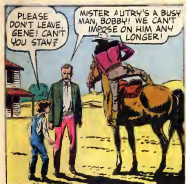
I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK TO UNCLE JAKE'S! HE'S MEAN TO ME!

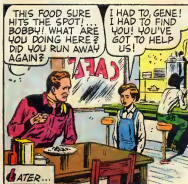
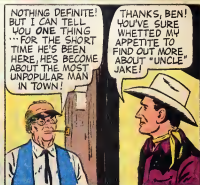
HAM-BOBBY'S SURE SCARED OF HIS UNCLE!

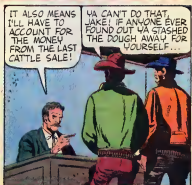
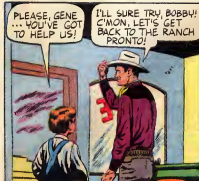
TELL YOU WHAT, BOBBY... I'LL RIDE BACK WITH YOU! HOW'S THAT?

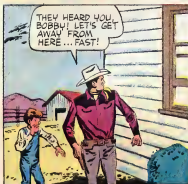
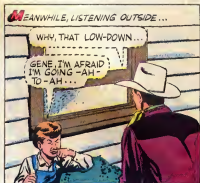


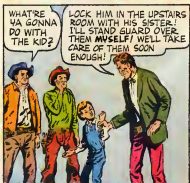
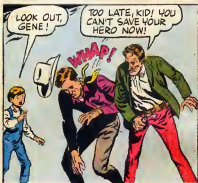






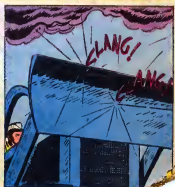


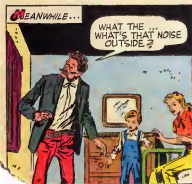


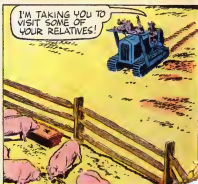
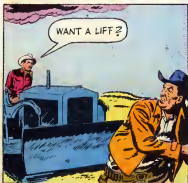
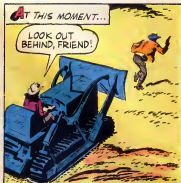
















Gene Autry

TOO BLAMED PHONY

THAT'S A HOSPITABLE LOOKING
LITTLE SPREAD, CHAMP!
SUPPOSE WE SEE IF ITS
OWNERS CAN SPARE
SOME FOOD!

WHEE-EE!

EVENING FINDS GENE AUTRY
NEAR A SMALL RANCH...

AS GENE NEARS THE HOUSE...

PULL UP, MISTER,
OR I'LL FILL YOU
FULL O' BUCKSHOT!

WHOA, CHAMP! I GUESS WE
WERE WRONG ABOUT
FINDING HOSPITALITY
AT THIS HOUSE!

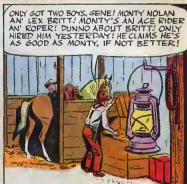
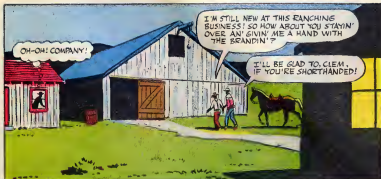
CHAMP? SUFFERIN'
SAGEBRUSH! IT'S
GENE AUTRY!

CLEM WEAVER!
YOU OLD DESERT RAT!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE? AND WHY THE
SHOTGUN WELCOME?

AROUND NIGHTTIME I'M
SUSPICIOUS O' STRANGERS,
AFOOT OR ON HORSEBACK!
Y' SEE, THIS IS MY RANCH!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE
GIVEN UP HUNTING GOLD!

YEP! I MADE A STRIKE... SOLD
IT FOR PLENTY! SO I BOUGHT
THIS RANCH AN' SOME STEERS!
THEN I UP AN' MARRIED SARAH
JENSEN! SHE'S AWAY FOR A
COUPLA DAYS! I'M PLUMB
LONESOME, TOO!



BLAST IT! IF WEAVER SPOTS ME,
HE'LL FIRE ME... OR SHOOT ME!
EITHER WAY, I'LL BE OUT OF LUCK!



LOOKS LIKE I WAS
MISTAKEN! THERE'S
NOBODY IN SIGHT!
WHERE ARE YOUR
HANDS?

BRITT WENT TO TOWN
RIGHT AFTER SUPPER
TO COLLECT HIS DUFFEL!
MONTY IS IN THE
BUNKHOUSE!

SPEAKING OF SUPPER,
I COULD SURE USE
SOME! THAT IS, IF
YOUR LARDER'S
NOT EMPTY!

NOT OURS! IT'S FILLED
TO BURSTIN'! COME
ON-- I'LL FIX YOU
SOME GRUB IN TWO
SHAKES!



AFTER BRITT RETURNS...

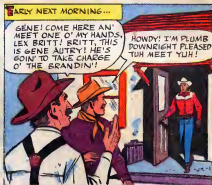
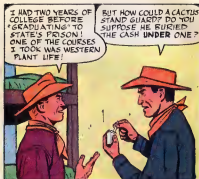
AN' THAT WAS ALL I
HEARD, LEX! HANGED
IF I CAN FIGURE WHAT
HE MEANT BY A HEDGEHOG!

WELL, HE CAN'T MEAN
A PORCUPINE! AND
THERE'S NOTHING
ELSE... HEY! WAIT
A MINUTE!

ISN'T THERE
A KIND OF
CACTUS CALLED
HEDGEHOG?

YEAH! I'D FORGOTTEN!
THERE'S A LOT O'
THEM AROUND
HERE! BUT HOW DID
YOU KNOW THAT?
THEY DON'T HAVE
CACTUS BACK EAST!





AND THE JARGON HE TURNED LOOSE
WAS AS PHONY AS A LEAD DOLLAR!



IF HE'S A COWHAND, I'M A PAWNEE
CHIEF! BUT I'LL DOUBLE-CHECK BEFORE
I SAY ANYTHING TO CLEM!

HEY, BRITT!



AFTER LUNCH, DRIVE THE WAGON
TO TOWN AND PICK UP A LOAD OF
OATS FOR THE STEERS! THEIR
FEED'S RUNNING LOW!

KENO! I'LL
SHORE BE
GLAD TUH
DO IT!



THAT PROVES HE'S A PHONY! HE
DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THAT STEERS
ARE NOT FED OATS! I'D BETTER TELL
CLEM! BECAUSE, FOR MY MONEY, BRITT
WILL BEAR WATCHING!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

I'LL BET ANYTHING
HE'S AFTER MY CASH!
BY GLORY, I'LL SEND
HIM PACKIN' PRONTO!

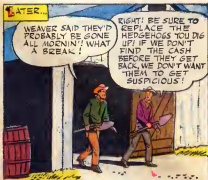
NOT SO FAST! MAYBE
HE ISN'T A CROOK!
MAYBE HE'S JUST
TRYING TO BE A REAL
COWHAND!



HOW'RE
WE GOIN'
TO PROVE
WHICH
HE IS?

IF BRITT IS CROOKED...
AND WAS LEFT HERE
ALONE, HE'D IMMEDIATELY
START LOOKING FOR THE
CASH! AND IF WE SHOULD
COME BACK AND CATCH
HIM AT IT...





CIRCLING RAPIDLY, GENE AND CLEM RETURN TO THE RANCH...



THE CASH! I'VE FOUND IT!



BUT YOU WON'T BE SPENDING ANY OF IT!

AUTHEY!



TAKE THAT, SNOOPER!



BLAST IT! I SHOULDN'T
HAVE LEFT MY GUN
IN THE BUNKHOUSE!



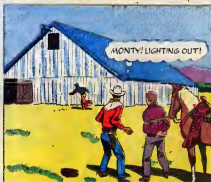
OOOOFF!



ON YOUR FEET! I'LL WRAP YOU
UP REAL SNUG IN A LENGTH OF
ROPE! IT'LL HOLD YOU TILL
I FIND CLEM AND...

HUMPH! BY
NOW, MONTY'S
PROBABLY
MADE HASH
OF HIM!





MAKING A FAST DRAW, GENE FIRES...





It was with a deep feeling of loneliness that Salina watched her husband, Jed, ride away. For a moment she was swept by unreasoning panic; she was tempted to run after him and call him back. But she managed to stifle the impulse and, sighing, turned back into the house.

"Why, he'll only be gone until sundown," she thought to herself. "I'll be perfectly safe." Not that there was anything to be frightened of, even though the nearest neighbor was thirty miles away. It was just that this big sprawling country was so different from what she had known in New England.

Salina snapped herself out of her reverie and hurried about her work. Although she and Jed had been married only two months, she fully realized the size of the task confronting her and her husband. It was true that they had only a small spread—five thousand acres and a few head of cattle—but everything depended on just the two of them.

Salina had finished making the bed and was busy with the breakfast dishes when she was interrupted by a hail from the yard.

"Jed! Oh, Jed!"

She hurried outside, wiping her soapy hands on her apron as she went. It was Clint Thomas, their nearest neighbor, sitting his horse in the front yard.

"Why, hello, Mrs. Benson. Where's a Jed?"

"Hello, Mr. Thomas. Jed rode up to Ambush Pass. He's looking for some strays up that way and I don't expect him back before sundown at the earliest. Won't you get down

and have a cup of coffee?"

"Now that's right neighborly! Don't mind if I do."

Clint Thomas dismounted and tied his horse. Then he took a heavy leather bag from the saddle bags.

"Too bad I had to miss Jed," Thomas said to the musical accompaniment of his jingling spurs as he stepped into the house, "but I guess I can leave this with you, just as well as him... it's the money I owe him."

"Money? What money, Mr. Thomas?"

"Well, Mrs. Benson, before you come out here to marry Jed, he worked for me for about six months and ran this spread on the side. At the time, I was hard hit for money and couldn't pay him any wages. I promised that just as soon as I got squared away I'd pay him up in full. Well, I ran into a little good fortune recently, so here's Jed's money, all seven hundred and fifty of it."

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars," gasped Salina. "Why, that's a small fortune to us!"

"Yes, it is a right comfortable sum to come into," Thomas admitted, "but Jed earned every penny of it and then some. And as I started to say, ma'am, I would have left this at the bank for Jed instead of bringing it out, but Jed banks over in Prescott and I do business in Twin Falls. I didn't have the time to run over to Jed's bank for him."

"Oh, I'm glad you didn't go to that trouble," Salina interrupted. "The money will be perfectly safe here."

Thomas put down his coffee cup. "I'd like to visit longer, Mrs. Benson, but I've

away three days now, and there's lots that needs tending to at home."

Salina watched Thomas out of sight and turned back to her work with a feeling of quiet happiness. She had finished the dishes and was filling the lamps with kerosene when she heard the sound of another horse in the yard. Hurriedly putting down the fruit jar filled with kerosene which she was using to fill the lamp bowls, she ran into the yard.

"Jed! Jed, the most wonderful news..." Salina broke off uncertainly because the man sitting on the horse in the yard was not Jed. It was a man she had never seen before.

"Oh, excuse me," she faltered, "I—I thought you were my husband."

"That's quite all right, little lady," the man said. "I wonder if I could get a meal. I haven't eaten all day, and I'm hungry."

Some unknown instinct warned Salina to refuse this request, and she was on the point of doing so when she remembered that it was an unwritten rule of the range that no one was ever refused a meal, or even a bed.

"I'd be glad to fix you something to eat. Won't you come in?"

As Salina bustled about the kitchen preparing food, she laughed at herself for being prey to such childish fears all day. Even so, she couldn't quite dismiss the thought that there was something about the man that she didn't like, something she didn't trust.

Soon she placed before him a plate loaded with steaming grits, fried ham, and eggs.

With his mouth stuffed with food, the man suddenly spoke to her as she returned to her task of filling the kerosene lamps.

"Where are all the hands, ma'am? I didn't see anybody around as I rode up."

"We don't have any help," Salina answered and then cursed herself for admitting it. "But my husband will be returning at any moment," she hastened to add.

"Well, now, you don't say!" the man replied, as he pushed back his plate. "But he'll return to find me and the money gone."

"What money are you talking about?" Salina asked.

"The money in that bag over there on the mantel, ma'am. You see, I followed Clint Thomas all the way out here. I was in the bank when he got the money. I had intended to take it away from him before he got this

far, but he met up with another feller who rode within five miles of this place with him, and I figured two of them were too much for me to take on. As it is, it's worked out much nicer—with you here all alone, there won't be no trouble, will there? Now just step over there to the mantel and get the money for me and I'll be on my way."

Still clutching the fruit jar of kerosene, Salina reluctantly walked over to the mantel and got the money, realizing that her strength was no match for the stranger's.

"That's nice, little lady. You're plumb smart to do what you're told to do. Now hand me the money."

"All right, take the money," Salina said, "and take this, too!" And she dashed the jar of kerosene into the man's face!

As the man clawed blindly at his face, trying to get the kerosene out of his eyes, Salina whirled swiftly and snatched a burning ember out of the fireplace.

"Now . . . mister . . . mister . . . whatever your name is," Salina panted, gasping for breath, "if you make one move, I'll set your beard afire with this ember. That money is ours, and we intend to keep it!"

Salina backed him slowly across the kitchen, brandishing the flaming stick, until she could reach the loaded shotgun that was kept on pegs over the doorway.

She kept the intruder at bay for over two hours, never once showing any sign of fear. And it was only when Jed had returned, and the man with the black beard had been taken by the authorities, that she admitted she had never been so frightened!



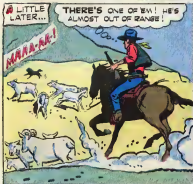
A DOUBLE GAME



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ONE DAYBREAK, AN OMNINOUS HOWL
WAKENS SHEEP RANCHER LINK ODD...





AFTER TWO WEEKS...



PHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!
NOW I'LL HAVE TO HEAD BACK BY
WAY OF 'ROBIN HOOD'S BARN'!



WELL, I'LL BE DANGONED!
WHAT IN BLAZES IS GABE DAVIS
DOING DOWN THERE?



GET IN
THERE, YOU!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I CAN'T SAVVY WHAT HE'S
UP TO! BUT I'M SURE GOING
TO FIND OUT!



THAT LOOKS LIKE
SOME SORT OF PEN!
I WONDER...



THREE HALF-TAMED WOLVES!
AND ONE'S GOT ONLY...TWO TOES!
SOMETHING MIGHTY STRANGE
IS GOING ON HERE!



HOOFPRINTS AND WOLF
TRACKS HEADING TOWARD
SAM BENTON'S SPREAD!
AND OLD TWO-TOES IS
ONE OF THE LOBOS!



LINK! WHERE'VE
YOU BEEN KEEPING
YOURSELF? YOU
HAVEN'T BEEN
OVER HERE
IN WEEKS!

I'VE BEEN SHORTHANDED
SAM! AND WOLVES HAVE
BEEN GIVING ME PLENTY OF
TROUBLE! THAT'S WHAT
I CAME TO SEE
YOU ABOUT!



I HAD TROUBLE
WITH THE VARMINTS,
TOO... TILL I HRED
A WOLFER! HE
RODE OUT JUST
AS YOU RODE IN!

I SAW HIM, SAM! HE'S
BEEN WORKING FOR ME,
TOO! WHAT'S MORE, I
THINK HE'S A CROOK!...
HAVE YOU SEEN ANY
TWO-TOED WOLF TRACKS
ON YOUR RANGE?



PLENTY! BUT
ABOUT DAMS! WHAT
MAKES YOU THINK
HE'S CROOKED?

BECAUSE
HE'S GOT THREE
WOLVES PENNED
UP IN A RAVINE
ON SPRUCE RIDGE!
AND ONE OF THEM
IS TWO-TOED!



I FIGURE HE'S RUNNING THOSE
WOLVES BACK AND FORTH TO
OUR RANGES... LETTING
THEM MAKE TROUBLE...AND
THEN COLLECTING FROM
BOTH OF US!



BUT, LINK! WHAT
ABOUT THE PELTS HE
BRINGS IN EVERY
DAY OR SO? IF
THE WOLVES ARE
STILL ALIVE...

THOSE PELTS ARE
FROM **OTHER** WOLVES!
DAMS IS USING THEM
OVER AND OVER
AGAIN!



BY GLORY! HE COULD
BE DOING THAT! BUT
HOW'RE WE GOING TO
PROVE IT?

I'VE GOT AN
IDEA! THE NEXT
TIME GABE
COLLECTS ON PELTS
FROM ME...



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

I'LL BE DANGED! I
WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT,
IF I DON'T SEE IT!

WELL, LET'S
GET IT OVER
WITH!



A
MOMENT
LATER...

SHOTS!
SOUNDED
MIGHTY CLOSE TO
MY WOLF PEN,
TOO!

BLAM!
BANG!



THAT TAKES CARE OF THE LOT, LINK!

DOOO! BENTON! WHAT'S
GOIN' ON HERE?



NOTHING MUCH,
DAVIS! WE'VE JUST
KILLED THREE OF
YOUR WOLVES!

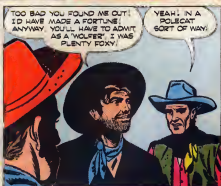
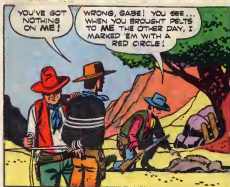
MY WOLVES?
YOU'RE LOCO! I
DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING
ABOUT...



NEVER MIND LYING, DAVIS!
WE'RE WISE TO YOUR
DOUBLE-DEALING GAME!
SAM! SEARCH HIS
SADDLEBAGS!

WITH
PLEASURE!





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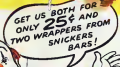
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